And thus my battell ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foote,
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt,
Iohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horſe,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkeſt thou Nor.
Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norffolke be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maiſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the enemie.
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſde at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe.
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, ſwords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd? *his Armie.*
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of vagabonds, raſcols and runawaies,
A ſcum of Brittains, and baſe lackey peſants,
Whom their orecloyed country vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures & aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands, & bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers coſt,
A milkeſopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in ſnow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themſelues,

If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lye with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues,
What ſaies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth denie to come.
King. Off with his ſonne Georges head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is paſt the marſh,
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.
King. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſome,
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint George
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie ſits on our helpes.
Alarum, excurſions, Enter Catesbie.
Cat. Reſcew my Lord of Norfolke, reſcew, reſcew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger,
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Reſcew faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt. *Enter Richard.*
Kin. A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horſe.
Kin. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.
Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlain, then retrait being ſounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the crowne, with other Lords.
Ri. God and your armes be praiſed victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmõd, wel haſt thou acquit thee, Lo: